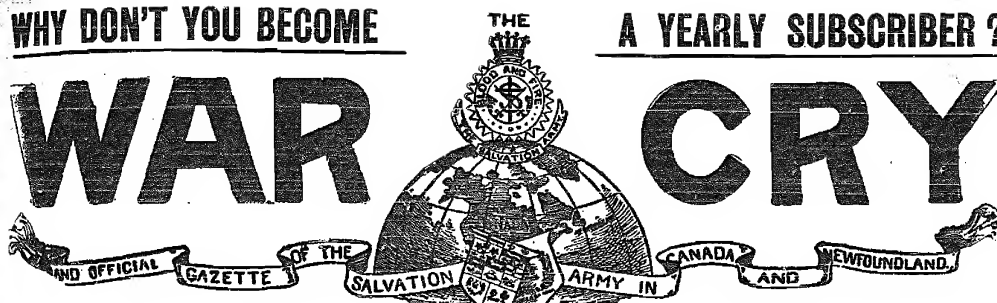


WAR

CRY



VOL. XII. No. 44 [WILLIAM BOOTH,
General of the S.A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, AUG. 1. 1896. [EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] Price 2 Cents

Chorus.
 I sceptics may ancer, and critics
 we'll crown, we'll stand by the flag, "Blood and
 march and we'll sing, and to Jesus
 will bring, our souls, till he says, "Come up
 here.
 Uniform bright, many people don't
 e,
 say that we wear it for show;
 world we don't please by wear-
 ing baton
 have left this behind long ago.
 unets and S. S. Jerseys of red,
 plainly what else we are on,
 t follow the style, and be happy
 anwhile,
 to hear the Lord say "Well
 do."
CAPTAIN L. PENNY.
 North Head.

—:—
GOD IS LOVE.
Tune.—Meet Me There,
Creation's dawning day,
When the waters fled away,
Chaos seemed to say,
"God is love."
Rainbowe wondrous hue,
And the promise true,
Whatever man may do,
God is Love."

Chorus.
Love! God is Love!
Unchanging, full and free;
God is Love,
Deeper than the sea,
That reaches you and me,
Flows from Calvary,
God is Love!

Sinai's mountain height,
darkness dense as night,
a message, flashing bright
"God is Love!"
Bethel all alone,
a head upon a stone;
skies o'er Jacob shone,—
God is Love.

Christmas Eve of old,
 care they watched the fold,
 the shepherds told,
 "God is Love!"
 the Saviour came to Nain,
 the widow's son again,
 rang the glad refrain,
 "God is Love!"

Our hearts are bleeding sore
 The way seems dark before,
 Day with those of yore,
 God is Love?
 On Canaan's strand,
 Let us all shall stand,
 With the ransomed band,
 "God is Love."

W. RITCHIE

ME FOR SOLOISTS.

words of the famous song, "Oh, What a Difference in the Morning," will appear in Bloom City.

THANKS.

DIAL RESCUE HOME. - Mr. 10.00; Mr. Marell, \$1; Mooly nald, \$1; Mr. J. T. Gnegner, otherail, \$2; Mr. Lovell, \$1.50; son, 50c; T. G. W., 50c; Mr. J.

50c. Mr. Ashbuckham, 25c. Mr. Jones,
Mrs. Moore, 25c. Mr. Moore, 25c. Ross &
Mr. Neiland, 50c. Mrs. But-
Mrs. Murphy, 50c. J. W. Ten-
r. Hill, 25c. G. Grimmon, 25c.
Harris, 25c. J. C. Clark, 25c.
25c. H. V. Clark, 25c. W. F. C.
Donald, 25c. Mr. Dunsmore,
n & Co., 25c. Mr. Lewis, 40c.
r. 25c. Mr. Scott, 25c.
Mr. Moores, 25c. A. G. Friend,
\$10.50. Cash, 30c. Mr. Whyte
Griffin, buns, 3c. Chas. and G.
Coffee, Mr. Stroud, tea; Mr.
tea; Mr. Slater, paint; Mr.
ice, meat; Mr. Bridgeman,
Lamb, meat; Mr. Gardiner,
S. Stores, meat; Mr. Welch,
Webb, soap; Mrs. Vetter,
Mr. Stevens,
McCoy buns, Home-Made
kes; Fish Market, fish; Mr.
nahan; St. Ann's Market.

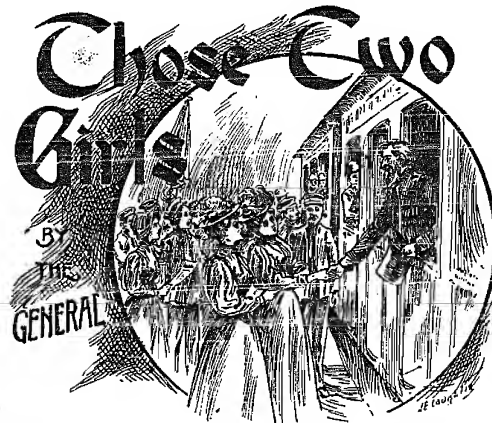
9. onions, rhubarb.
 N. B., RESCUE HOME -
 Matthews, \$1; Lemm, Ryan, \$1;
 ten, \$1; P. Peters, \$1; Mr.
 Alice Coward, \$1; Annie Lew-
 la Bishop, \$1; M. Roach, \$1;
 tt, \$1; A. Hector, \$1.00; &
 Adjutant Aikenhead.
 John, \$1; Friend, St. John,
 ber, St. Stephen, \$1; J. H.
 E. W. Vroom, \$1; J. H.
 F. Mochu, \$1; C. C. Grant.
 St. Stephen friends, \$1.65;
 St. John, 50c; Mr. Lingier,
 St. Stephen grocery meeting,
 Inton, Sumner, 4c; potatoes,
 Inton, John, meat; Mr. Van-
 Mrs. Mitchell, buns; Mrs.
 t, spice, etc.; Mr. Robinson,
 Robinson, chow-chow; Mr.
 ruit; Mrs. Thompson, meal.

CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST news of the war, with original articles by the General, and Addresses and Sermons by the leaders. There is no more stirring Salvation than by increasing the **THE WAR ORK**, which is necessary to sustain and invigorate the Army, but to arouse all who read it—moralizing and energetic attack on the wicked One, and the power to extend the kingdom of our Lord on Earth.

MR. A. publications, by JOHN M. MARRIS, 13 AUSTIN



THE COMMISSIONER AT THE FARM.—See Page 3



By the GENERAL

"Now, here's my heart, and here's my hand!"

I AM NOT, as is very generally known, great at "hand-shaking," and my shyness of this sign of sociability has brought upon me here and there some unfriendly reflections. But you see there are limits to everything, and I returned from my first visit to Australia with serious forebodings of lasting being permanently lamed in that life-work—my right hand, by over-indulgence in this direction.

However, I still allow myself now and then in this supposed sign of an advanced civilization, and the other day made a departure from my habit of reserve, of which I should like to spend a little, not moved to do so by a desire for either admiration or imitation, but by the thoughts and feelings which were aroused on the occasion.

I had been holding a series of meetings in a large Continental City. The time of my departure was unknown; still, a party of Officers and friends had gathered on the platform to wave a last farewell. Amongst this little crowd of well-wishers

Two Girls were Pointed Out to me as belonging to the class christened by Society "Unfortunates." I recognized them at a glance. They had attended my past meetings with a group of others. One or two of their companions had been at the Penitential Form, and my friends had been praying and pleading with them all. These two had been so far interested as to find out the time I left the City, and had come down to give me a last look.

They were very young, not yet out of their teens. Perhaps they would not be called good-looking, but neither could they be considered otherwise. They had left at home the luxury with which they were bedizened the night before, and wore frocks and hats of comparative meanness, and what was more hopeful about them, they had a strange look of sadness and seriousness on their faces.

Poor things!

I Thought of their Mothers, and wondered about their training and surroundings; and then my mind wandered on to the gloomy future before them, and all so close at hand, and then the old question came to my lips, "What can I do for them?" Pain would I have carried them away there and then to some green valley in the beautiful country around, far from the temptation and the tempters with which they might have to fight that very night, and surround them with companions and relationships as favorable to their virtue and happiness and goodness, as their present circumstances were unfriendly.

But that was beyond my power. What then could I do? The train was about to start. I could not speak their language, or I would have given them a few words of counsel, so I did what was possible at the moment. I beckoned them to my carriage window, gave them my hand,

Called on God to Bless them, and urged them to serve Him and do what was right. Then the engine whistled, the train moved off, and the last I saw of the people on that platform was, in answer to my salutation, waving their handkerchiefs, "those Two Girls."

Now, was it a weakness on my part, or would you dub it a piece of mere sentimentality that I should concern

myself with these questionable characters, from whom everyone around them—the Salvationists excepted—kept clear, out of what would be called a very deep regard for their reputation? You may think of it as you choose, but I cannot banish them from my mind, although twenty-four hours have passed since the incident occurred.

If I had left them in a frail barque out on the troubled waves of the ocean, with the darkness gathering round them, and the roar of the angry surf sounding in the distance, with a hundred chances to one that they would be engulfed before a long period had passed, I don't think I could have felt their condition to have been much more sad, or that it would have haunted my memory much more painfully than it did. In that case their position would probably have become known in the City, and, with compassion, many eyes would have watched their perilous passage over the yawning waves, and trembled as their boat passed through the

Tortuous, Treacherous Channels,

amidst the frowning rocks on its way to destruction. But here were these two souls, yes, and two bodies, too, in danger as real, as material, and far more horrible; and not only are they passed by without compassion and without assistance, but for the gratification of lust and the love of mammon are men and women, directly and indirectly, helping to drag them down. If I could have been sure that they had a sister or a friend who would not have regarded their touch as defilement, and who would have watched and waited and struggled to save them, I should have been comforted; but I could not entertain any such hope.

But the greatest horror of all in connection with this incident is the fact that these two girls represent a vast multitude which no man can number of the girls circumstanced as painfully and hopelessly as they are or can be, and this terrible recollection has aroused, and re-aroused, and aroused again the question in my heart, "What can be done for them?"

We Salvationists are doing something. To have over

Twelve Hundred Girls

taken from the darkness and danger and destruction of the streets under our Rescue Kiosks at the present moment, and to be annually passing some thing like three thousand through our Homes, with increasing facilities for the same work, is gratifying. But what is this accommodation amongst so many?

To be compelled to refuse admission to a poor, feeble creature, who, perhaps, months of controversy and despair, has made up her mind to make one desperate dash to save herself, is awful to contemplate. It is only like saying to the girl who has struggled out of the sea and his dangers, and reached your harbor of refuge, "There is no room, nor hope, nor help here, and so you must turn round and go back to the shame and perdition from which you hoped you had escaped."

Alas, in how many Cities is there no such door to knock at! But ought there not to be one within the reach of every poor, erring daughter of Adam everywhere? As I have often said, and shall go on saying until my dying day, "Wherever the sinner, man or woman, however dark and dismal their past may have been, stretches out the

hand and asks for deliverance, the means of deliverance should be there. But cannot we do more to save this class in other ways? I am very glad to know that the systematic visitation of the open markets of Vice where this shameful and shameless traffic is carried on, is being pushed forward. I am glad also to know that a systematic mission to the girls in their homes has been instituted. There must be many hours of sickness when their hearts will be peculiarly open to the reception of the truth. At such times

The Salvation "Angels"

should be there to pour it in. I wonder what is being done for the most pitiable of all the pitiable beings this side hell itself, the girls in the hospitals when the last stages of disease are reached? Oh, in those cold waters, in those dying agonies, who prays for them, who speaks with them, any, who loves them, there?

Oh, cannot we have more Faith and Prayer for these girls? Oh, you Fathers and Mothers, Brothers and Sisters, who have not to mourn such a terrible sorrow in your own families, let us rather—let us all join together, and pray that God, in His infinite Mercy, may visit these children of woe!

Oh, ye Men and Women of Wealth—

If the women can be found who will give their lives to the deliverance of these children of sorrow, will you not supply them with the means? If the paltry sum of 5s. will pay the damage for the souls of two women from the road which surely leads to rottenness in the bones and mourning in the heart, the narrow way of Life and Virtue, whose terminus is the Holy City, shall not all that is needed in this regard be forthcoming? Alas, how dear thought be east in the direction of the wretched multitudes represented by

Those Two Girls.

SPREADING SALVATION.

An Interesting Address to Christians.

BY THE LATE MRS. BOOTH
Part of an Address at a "Two Days With God" in Exeter Hall, 1888.

I have been thinking while my dear husband has been speaking, how it is that Christians do not more fully realize their responsibility to extend the Kingdom of Christ, and it occurred to me that one of the main reasons may be a want of realization of the danger of the unconverted about them. I am afraid that many get their brains so muddled by the different theories that are put forth about them, their restorations, and I don't know what else, that they come to look upon a large class of the unconverted as the inhabitants of the world generally as after all not so far off the right way as the Bible teaches.

They seem to forget that separation from God means death. They do not realize that these masses of people, according to Jesus Christ's teaching, lost, and that unless some great renovation takes place in their souls, in their moral nature, they must perish; hence Christians grow indifferent and leave them alone.

I think the first thing necessary for those who are saved and right with God, is to look at the world, look at it as Jesus Christ looked at it, look at the multitudes, and contemplate their condition—dead in trespasses and sins—on the high road to hell, and that nothing but the Salvation of God can save them. We Salvationists believe this, and I trust we do in a great measure realize it, hence our efforts to save them.

Look around at the people everywhere. Think of them as being away from God, as sunk in sin of one kind or another, and then say whether their necessities, their needs, ought not to prove your responsibility, ought not to be a call to you to put forth that earnestness, that energy, in possible to you in whatever sphere or circle you may move!

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

We are individually responsible to save them, because we can do it. Some people are always trying to exalt God at the expense of man, throwing all the responsibility of the salvation of the world, in upon God, and making no use of human agency. I do not do that God does so. I find that the very best way of dealing with sin in the Bible is from beginning to end, it is full of "ifs."

We are responsible because the people can be reached—our classes alike.

If we will be at the trouble to reach them, I think the Salvation Army has demonstrated that beyond controversy. I say, the fact that the people can be reached, is demonstrated beyond dispute. You say, "These are poor and vulgar; you would not find my class so easily reached." I am not so sure of that if you would take up the cross necessary in order to reach them.

AN INDIVIDUAL EXAMPLE.

One of my daughters, who went to see a party of our Officers off to India, told me of an affecting scene which took place at a railway station. She said there was a number of ladies, mothers and sisters of officers and others in the Queen's army, who were leaving England for India. My daughter proposed that they should have a word of prayer while in one of the waiting rooms. I suppose there were twenty or thirty of our people. These ladies, and some of the gentlemen, were standing round, and looked on with astonishment. They were perfectly awestruck at the idea of having prayer in a railway station. My daughter and some others lifted up their voices to God, asking Him to bless and preserve our departing friends, and then, not forgetting those who were around them, they asked a blessing on their dear friends and their friends who were seeing them off. When they rose from their knees, many of these ladies were in tears, and some of them shook hands with our people and thanked them for remembering them in their prayers.

I thought if there were a few women sufficiently imbued with the Spirit of God, and with this concern for the souls of their own class, who would go and do things equally out of season, and who would make the secular necessities of the world who can tell what might not be done?

WHAT YOU MIGHT DO;

One of our Officers the other day was showing me what can be done at a certain door, blows and heard at a certain door, blows and heard at a certain door. At last they gained access to a wretched room where a drunken mother had been beating her little girl of seven years with the back of her hand.

The poor child had crept under the bed for protection. They dragged the little creature out, and she was moved the one dirty garment she was wearing, the sight shocked them. The child screamed and her mother, with the agony, she was a cripple to begin with, no doubt owing to this mother's brutality, at once came forward, and drunk and brutal as this mother was, our Officers soothed her to some extent by their conversation, and produced an impression upon her, so that the child, at any rate for the time being, from her drunken grasp. I wait to see what the result will be. It would be impossible or unseemly for any woman, if only impudged with the spirit of Christianity, to be so clever enough to go to the educated and rich, you can go to the poor; if you can reach the poor, you can reach the rich, for they equally need it—there are equal brutalities going on, hid away behind curtains of scarlet and gold, in the most elegant and sumptuous of saloons, to save the masses of men and women round about who are one who has the Salvation Army, is responsible for pressing it upon the attention of everybody with whom they come into contact.

There is a little circle round about you with whom a downright direct testimony as to their sinfulness and danger, and the necessity of salvation, would do more than all the appeals of the minister has done for years past.

RESULTS.

Just for a moment think of the results if you do this work: Look at the Salvation Army that is in such work with all its glorious results. A clergyman stepped up to me on the day of my daughter's wedding, and said, "Oh, never be discouraged! I don't know what you are doing. It is not of my kind, but you don't know how you are stirring us up all over the world!" But, I say, look at the direct results, leaving the indirect results, and then just think of these hundreds of thousands of saved men and women permeating the corners of the earth, and going everywhere carrying Salvation, making the people hear about it.

This Salvation Army is the outcome of a more handful of men and women who have come out from the traditions of the elders, and set themselves to seek and save the lost. That is the one business of a Salvationist. He is always on the look-out for the lost, he is always seeking for the Master's business. He is always seeking for the Master's business, and that is the reason why he is always seeking for the Master's business, and that is the reason why he is always seeking for the Master's business.

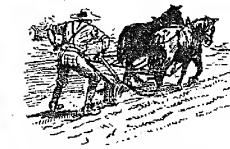
We are always seeking for the Master's business, and that is the reason why he is always seeking for the Master's business, and that is the reason why he is always seeking for the Master's business. We are always seeking for the Master's business, and that is the reason why he is always seeking for the Master's business, and that is the reason why he is always seeking for the Master's business.

THE SOCIAL FARM.

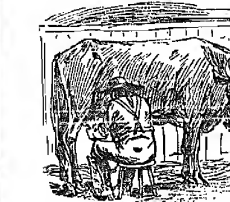
What it is.
What is it for?
What has been Accomplished?

By the Editor.

About six miles from Toronto is one of the most hopeful and potential outposts of the Army has in this territory, viz., the Social Farm. Two hundred acres of typical Ontario farm land, had been acquired, new buildings erected, and old ones remodelled; and such a transformation effected, that we have now a model farm, which, without exception, has the highest testimony from all who have seen it, amongst them being a number of Toronto's leading citizens, and a couple of experts on the Canadian Government's experimental Farm at Guelph, Ontario.



Agricultural operations were commenced as recently as last fall. At the time, the place was in a neglected state, and sorely in need of cultivation, so that it will be seen the authorities have allowed no time to be wasted. To-day the Farm is divided into the following departments: A Pig-Raising, and has reached a stage of development in each of these. For the success of all these various industries, our Commissioner is responsible. It was our late Leader, the man who purchased the Farm, and from him it received a great deal of very close attention. He planned and schemed our life, and worked with his own hands with the greatest delight, and it was under his guidance that it advanced up to its present up-to-date position. Our Commissioner, Miss Eva Booth, exhibits a very keen interest in the progress of Farm affairs, and has become a practical farmer; a lady who has every opportunity of becoming proficient in such accomplishment.



That the Farm, which is one of the most valuable assets the Army will become increasingly valuable year, we fully anticipate, view it as a commercial undertaking, in view of its moral aspect. The place was open for inspection. Ensign the Governor, was from his interest in the practical side of agriculture, he is a genial man, and welcome any of our farming and agricultural experts who wish to make a visit of inspection to the new and thriving Army effort.

What is it for?

"But what is it all for?" ask one. "The Army is not a business undertaking, running merely for profit and cents." The followers of the Army are but a minor consideration, necessary, since the Army is a religion which, spending all its life in hearing nothing, has to make as ever it is possible so to do, and support itself. The "where" this venture exists, because modern civilization has suffered proportion of its citizens to deny forming a need which will be met at its peril; this, no organization can consistently have been forced on our ears. His Officers, even to comp Army, which, while it is for the distinctly of and for the people.

What It Is.
What is it For?
What has been Accomplished?

100-443887-100

agents Price and Glover.

This town, although very small, has a great deal of work which needs to be done in it. Crowds are improving, collections on the rise, and victory ahead.—Captain Petch, and Lieutenants Price and Glover.

Billy McLeod, Ex-Champion Light Weight of England.

AN ARMY LIFE STORY.

CHAPTER I.
 'Tis Written.

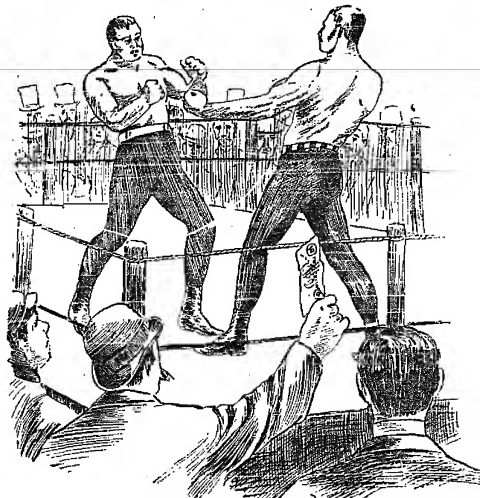
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CHAPTER II.

A Seven-Year-Old Scavenger.

A Seven-Year-Old Scavenger.

Thirty pence was added a week to his mother's house-keeping purse as the result.



It was nothing for him to be offered £30 for a flight.

"When I was nine years old, I fell into a 'pit' (pond), and if a man hadn't heerd me scream, and come and pulled me out, I should er been drowned. It was a frightener, was that, and I knew just how wicked I was, yer know ; it all come up afore me."

CHAPTER III.

The Champion.

along, I sseed a row up a alley, and went to see what it was about. Two drunken wimmin was fightin'. They had got another one lockod in 'er

(To be Continued.)

FIVE DAKOTA WARRIORS.

**"Ruin"—Quickest Farewell on Record—
Massacred by the Indians—Johnny's
Juniors.**

No. 1 is Captain Kemp, who came out from Seaforth Corps some years ago. She is well-known at Guelph as Rosie; has been stationed at Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie, Calgary, Selkirk, Grand Forks; opened Grafton,



a time filled the position of Bandmaster. He went in the field about a year ago, and assisted at the opening of Rait Portage; then he was Captain at Grand Forks Garrison with Adjutant Gale, and from there he has been appointed the Junior Soldiers' Assistant at the North-West Quadrangle, and he

THAT WIFE OF MINE.

"Well, that wife of mine has been in jail, the Hospital, Home for Incurables, and all sorts of places every day this week!" quoth Major Read the other night on his way home. See Mrs. Major Read's write-up on "A Day and a Week with the League of Mercy," to appear shortly.

AN AWFUL ENDING.

How a Christ-Rejector Died.

This is a true account of the death of a Christ-rejector. Dear unsaved friend, be careful how you put off your



ONE OF BRIGADIER MARGETTS' RECENT MUSICAL BRIGADES.



Captain M. Margetts, Brigadier Margetts, Captain Dowell, Ensign Wilfred Crighton, Adjutant Dowell, Captain L. Bantagan, Ensign Dowell, Ensign Dowell, Ensign Dowell.

Read Some of Their Anecdotes, Etc., in This Issue.

North Dakota, (where a great soul-saving work went on), and is now stationed at Mandan, N. D., on the west side of the Missouri River.

No. 2 is Lieutenant Baxter. Born in India, but was born again at Fort Arthur, Ont.; went through Winnipeg Training Garrison, then to Portage la Prairie, and is now Captain Kompe's right-hand man. (Woman, you mean) Though very much for his hills hard.

No. 3, Lieutenant Partridge. Was raised in the prairie; came to the Light in the Salvation Army at Portage la Prairie four and a-half years ago; bloomed into a sergeant, then a bandman, and received his Salvation Army Training College education in the Grand Forks Training Garrison under Professor Adjutant Gale. From the College he was sent with Ensign Smith to open Valley City, and next helped Captain Hewitt open Blomark, where he is now stationed.

No. 4 is Captain Hewitt, who has been saved nearly eleven years, and has been nine years an Officer. He has been stationed in eighteen cities and towns, and is a well-known individual around West Ontario, especially at a lot of hard work. He was a messenger boy holding him the telegram on the march that instructed him to forewell that night, which he did. He has been in the West four years, and is now stationed at Blomark, the Capital of North Dakota, situated on the east side of the Missouri River. On the opposite side of the river is old General Custer, from which the brave fight, being massacred by the Indians. Only one of his scouts escaped alive on horse-back to tell the tale.

No. 5 is Captain Johnny Hahlik, who was converted when a Junior at Senfort, Ont. He was born in the Army, and has lived in it ever since. He came to Winnipeg Corps some years ago; was a bandman, and for a time filled the position of Bandmaster. He went in the field about year ago, and assisted at the opening of the Grand Forks Garrison with Adjutant Gale, and from there he has been appointed the Junior Soldiers' Assistant for the North-West Province, and is now in his element with the Juniors, who love him at first sight. He is the proper man for the raising of the coming Army.—Captain W. Hewitt.

THAT WIFE OF MINE.

"Well, that wife of mine has been in jail, the Hospital, Home for incurables, and all sorts of places every day this week!" quoth Major Read the other night on his way home. See Mrs. Major Read's write-up on "A Day and a Week with the League of Mercy" to appear shortly.

AN AWFUL ENDING.

How a Christ-Rejector Died.

FRED D— was the son of a good, Godly woman. Often he sat in our meetings, and as the story of the cross was told, he laughed and scoffed. Very often his mother went to Salvation Army meetings with his cusses ringing in his ears; when spoken to about his soul, he would say, "I'm the healthiest and strongest young man in the neighborhood; no fear of my dying!"

One day, at a barn-raising, while lifting a heavy piece of timber, he fell and was hurt inwardly. He was carried home, and a doctor sent for, who said he could not live over an hour. When the doctor told his parents he could not live, the poor mother, with tears streaming down her face, said to her husband, "Go and tell Fred what the doctor says." Mr. D— went into the bedroom, and going up to his bed, said, "My dear boy, you have not an hour to live." Fred proudly raised himself up in bed, and said:

"FATHER, I WON'T DIE! I have always been strong and well!" His mother came into the room, and he said, "Mother, I can't die, I'm too wicked! I have cursed you ever since you joined the Army, and I've cursed the Officers! I cannot meet God! and then, defiantly, he said again, "I won't die! I won't die! I can't meet God! I won't meet Him!" and while uttering those words he died, and went to meet the God that he had rejected.

This is a true account of the death of a Christ-rejector. Dear unsaved friend, be careful how you put off your soul's salvation.—Mrs. Captain Rowe.

TEETH OR DEATH I'LL HAVE SALVATION

A Tobacco Anecdote.

By BRIGADIER MARGETTS, London.

In one of my meetings some time ago, an old gent, with silvery hair and feeble limbs, knelt, or rather prostrated himself at the penitential form. He was a poor, broken-hearted backslider, having formerly served God for three years outside the ranks of the Salvation Army, and following this had been a soldier of good standing for three years. He used to be a sold slave to tobacco, which, alas, led him into many other sins of vice and lust. Now, he was truly of "a broken and contrite heart," for a life of purity, peace and power through Jesus' blood had been portrayed before him; and he struggled long and earnestly with many groans and tears. I put my hand on his shoulder, and, kneeling by his side, said, "Father, what is in the way?" "Can I help you?" He hesitated for a moment, then, bringing down his clenched right fist, with a blood and fire thump on the form, he exclaimed, "The doctor told me if I didn't use tobacco I would lose all my teeth, and would not live long, and I can't keep saved and use it." "Which is the most valuable, dad?" I asked, "your soul's salvation, or your teeth and tobacco?" "I am going to have a full Salvation if I do lose my teeth and my life," replied the dear old soul. Of course he got saved, and so will you when you remove or renounce the hindrances.

IT WAS GOOD FOR HIS EYES.

BROTHER McFARLANE, a tailor, who was saved at the drum-head some nine months ago, in one of the streets of Toronto, says that at the time he got converted he could scarcely see a thread a-crow-bar, but he can thread his needles all right now.

A Marvellous Conversion

— AT THE —
LONDON, ONT., S. A. HOTEL.

A PROFESSIONAL "MAN OF THE ROAD" SAVED DURING THE COMMISSIONER'S VISIT — IN MANY JAILS IN MANY PLACES — INTERESTING SOCIAL STATISTICS — 21 EX-PRISONERS RECEIVED FROM JAIL.

A very good case of conversion took place during the visit of the Commissioner. A young man followed "train-baiting" for years, and has travelled Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Maine to Mexico, and never knew what it was in all his travels to pay railroad fare. He has ridden everywhere on a train that any other "Hobo" ever did, and knows every "slop" (cheap lodging-house) from one end of Canada to the other end of the United States. He has slept in nearly every little look-up in all, what he terms "Jerk-water towns," through Canada. He has been many times sentenced to terms of imprisonment for vagrancy, has travelled with such notorious roadsters as

"TORONTO PADDY" and "EDINBURGH JACK."

(who was killed in Eastern Ontario last winter) and many other prominent "men of the profession." He is known to the travelling fraternity as "English Harry." This young man came into contact with our Social operations a year or more ago, and for a time settled down to work, but took the road again, till some months ago he came to this London Shelter, and was again given employment. He is at present cooking at the Salvation Army Hotel. He came out in Miss Eva's Sunday night meeting, being the first of

the fifteen who sought mercy that night in the Grand Opera House. His life since that time proves to all who know him that he is a soundly converted man. We are hoping that Harry may yet be a useful Social Officer. He is coming on well as a recruit, and his old associates are glad to see the change.

Hot Weather Statistics.

"Things on the whole are progressing as favorably as can be expected during the hot season. On an average we are supplying about fifteen beds per night, which is not so bad considering the size of the Shelter, also the size of the City. Our lunch counter trade is good, and is attended by an old friend, the "Colonel," late of the "Toronto" to Lifesaver. The past week has been the poorest since my four weeks' stay. During the quarter ending June, we supplied 1,225 beds and 4,361 meals, and the previous quarter we supplied 2,708 beds and 5,223 meals. During the first year there were 25,778 meals and 10,472 beds supplied, 48 meetings held, and 21 ex-prisoners received from jail, and 1,741 men supplied with employment.— Captain H. W. Collier, Officer in Charge.

HANDING DOWN CRIME.

FRAU ADA JURKE was born in 1750, in Germany, and was a drunkard, a thief, and a tramp, for the last forty years of her life, which ended in 1920. Her descendants have numbered 534, of whom 709 have been traced in local records from youth to death by Professor Peilman. Of the 709, he found 106 were born out of wedlock. There were 142 beggars, and 64 more who lived from charity. Of the women, 181 led disreputable lives. There were in this family 76 convicts, 7 of whom were sentenced for murder. In seventy-five years this one family rolled up a big bill of costs in almshouses, trial courts, prisons and correctional institutions, amounting to about \$1,550,000.

Brother Gladhill stands for both law and Gospel Huntville way.

Mar Cry.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and sanctification of the saved, together with the progress of the Salvation War in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

How stands it between God and your soul now?

A Christian man is never long at ease.

"When your garments are white," says Jesus, "the world will call you Mine."

This is War Cry Boom Week.

The War Cry has often been the means of blessing, therefore you are responsible for increasing its circulation.

The outlined programme of the "Prodigal Son Up-to-Date" Meeting, on another page, will be of good service to our comrades for the special meeting for the restoration of backsliders.

The Commissioner at Grand Forks and Fargo, N.D.

From Major Bennett's report of the Commissioner's visit to the above cities we learn of still more blessed and God-honored battles fought by our beloved Leader. The Westerners have received her with open arms and hearts, and in a manner truly characteristic of this great pushing, wide-awake, up-to-date country.

Notwithstanding the exhaustive journey from Toronto via Chicago and St. Paul, to North Dakota, the oppressive heat, a counter attraction of a circus, etc., the people crowded her meetings. Major Friedrich's telegram from the Commissioner's visit to the above cities we learn of still more blessed and God-honored battles fought by our beloved Leader. The Westerners have received her with open arms and hearts, and in a manner truly characteristic of this great pushing, wide-awake, up-to-date country.

Comrades, you will still bear our Leader up to the Throne of God in the strong arms of prayer and faith. The long and tedious journey, alone, is sufficient to exhaust the strength of any ordinary person, without taking into account the large receptions and meetings, the interviewing, correspondence, etc., as well as the responsibility of the command of the Territory. We shall yet record greater victories and triumphs for God and His Army as she continues her journey Westward.

Our General.

The General, our grand and good Leader, still maintains his soul-saving record. At a great meeting in Copenhagen, in the King's gardens, 12,000 people listened to his God-inspired General, and 156 souls sought God during the day. In a Swedish town, a Corps of dead and dumb people took an active part in the General's meetings, and at almost every meeting there were one or two deaf and dumb penitents at the Mercy Seat.

More War.

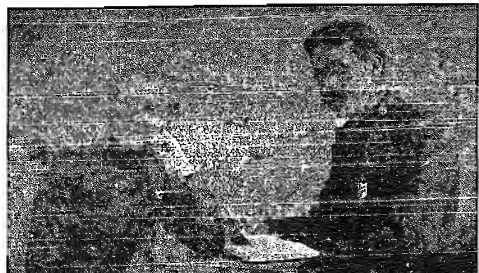
East Ontario Comrades can prepare their ammunition for a special battle. The Commissioner is shortly to visit several Corps of the East Ontario Province.

The Training Homes are shortly to be opened in Toronto, where all the Cadets from Ontario will be trained.

The Commissioner also intends holding some more Camp Meetings, as well as several weeks' Campaign in Toronto. Everybody sharpen up your swords and prepare for desperate battles. Our Commissioner is, what they say out West, "A Ruster."

Two Barracks Burned.

Major McMillan, the new Provincial Officer for Newfoundland, has arrived at St. John's. He reports the loss by fire of two of our Barracks, at Pelley's Island and Bellwoodville. A large number of our soldiers were burned out, which will prevent them from assisting very much with the finances for the erection of new Barracks. The Major would be glad to receive a donation from some of his Canadian-Newfoundland Comrades towards these Barracks funds. May God bless our Comrades in their difficulty!



ENSIGN AND MRS. SAVAGE, in charge of London, Ont. Corps.

A Warrior Promoted.

Lieutenant Pifer has just been promoted to Glory from her home at Morrisburg, where she had just been on furlough for some time. The bereaved relatives and friends have our deepest sympathy in this day of sadness.

Our Fighting Britishers.

Commissioner Coombs, the British Commissioner, continues his mighty soul-winning tours. 300 souls were won for Jesus during his recent visit to Middlesbrough and Stockton.

A Noted Woman Dead.

By the death of Harriet Beecher Stowe, we have lost a woman whose name will be handed down to posterity as one of the benefactors of the race; in this particular case, the colored race. Though Granville Sharp and many others did much to create a conscience on the question of slavery, it remained for this lady, with her woman's heart and ready pen, to indite "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a book which, as a beacon fire blazing on the hill-top, let in such a flood of light on the horrors of the legalized human traffic as stirred the whole of the civilized world. It bruised the serpent's head, and Lincoln's famous emancipation proclamation rang out its death-knell as a direct result of her effort. Mrs. Stowe is now dead; Lincoln is dead; Uncle Tom is dead, and the majority of the slaves who took part in the Emancipation are dead. Let us hope that their descendants, in addition to being legally free, may also rejoice in being free in Christ Jesus.

Around Headquarters.

COLONEL JACOBS and Staff-Captain Hargrave were at Bowmanville for last Sunday's meetings.

ENSGIN PUGH is supplying Richmond Street Corps, while Adjutant Byers has a short furlough.

CADET JAMIESON, of the Comptroller of Finance's Office has been promoted Lieutenant.

Captain Welch, of the Commissioner's Office, is now Ensign.

THE EDITOR is having a few days' well-earned rest at Huntsville.

Prof. Travers, a Temple Soldier, and Mr. Innis, formerly of the Social Farm, leave this week for Australia.

STAFF-CAPTAIN HORN, Trade Secretary, is furloughing at Palmerston, and Ensign Baldwin, of the Children's Shelter, at London, Ont.

MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN HARGRAVE has been having some good meetings in the city with the "Child of Jesus" Song Service. Many people went at Ligar Street during the meeting.

CADET WHITE, the Winnipeg Junior Soldier's man, has arrived in Toronto for training for officership.

CANDIDATES may expect a bomb-shell to come their way shortly.

MAJOR READ is preparing the Harvest Festival hand-book.

ADJUTANT and MRS. MCLEAN, of the Temple Corps, are refitting over their new boy Cadet.

DOT and JAI specialized at the Temple Corps on Sunday.

AN AUSTRALIAN Lassie Lieutenant in travelling to her Corps among the gold-mines, rode in state for two days in an "escort" coach, between two mounted policemen, with a box of gold for her footstool.



A FEW lines to hand from Major Bennett says he is immensely pleased with the Commissioner's visit to Fargo and Grand Forks. The weather was too hot to expect crowds, but they came all the same.

A FEW District Officers are changing, principally those in the North-West. This may affect a few of the Ontario Staff, yet just at present many eyes are turned Westward.

THE QUESTION of the hour this week in the WAR CRY ROOM, I am certain, as sure as I am alive, that if the instructions of the Hand-Book are carried out to the letter and in the spirit as well, not only can 10,000 extra be sold this week, but 20,000.

THE carrying out of the instructions means that tens of thousands of people will be faced with a War Cry, and not only asked to buy, but almost being compelled to buy. "The Kingdom of Heaven saitheth violence, and the violent shall it by force."

NOT simply walking book-stalls, from whom people can buy if they so desire, and if they please to do so, but there must be a tackling of them in such a way that you will refuse to take "no" for an answer.

CAN it be done? Of course it can. A Temple Soldier tackled the Chief Secretary the other day and would not let him pass until he had bought two.

IT is the principle underlying it all that we want everybody to see. The days of letting the Kingdom of God simply go on if it will, and stop if it likes, is of no use. What is wanted is force, push, drive, energy, pluck and zeal in every department of the War.

WE are all sorry that the Frigidities Margrets has been sick and unable to fill his appointments. May Heaven's blessing rest upon them!

MAJOR GASKIN has gone into his new duties very nicely. He is getting to be quite a farmer; seems very much impressed with many things; believes in the future of Canada; has meetings, and is very much impressed with the fact that Headquarters is all mine, and rather wonders how we all manage to keep so sweet, so good, so happy, and happy with it all.

USE becomes second nature, and possibly, next to the fact that Headquarters' Staff have the experience that they are kept by the power of God, there may be something in the "being used to it." Anyway, poverty is no crime.

AUSTRALIA has a War Cry Boomer over 81 years of age.

The Commissioner Butte, Helena and Spokane.

1,000 PEOPLE IN A TENT—27 SOULS AT THE MERRY SEAT.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

Commissioner received enthusiastic reception at Butte. Great crowds turned out to hear her. Strong impression made. Helena, officers' council inspiring; soldiers met Commissioner on train, singing "There's a welcome home." Special tent erected. Two thousand people listen to Commissioner. The influence of this meeting will never die. Spokane, very hot. The Commissioner led three powerful meetings on Sunday in a tent-theatre with wonderful success, in spite of physical weakness. Twenty-seven souls at the merry seat. Great shout in the camp. Spokane crowd in the First Methodist Church Monday night. Pray for Commissioner's strength. Full reports mailed.

MAJOR FRIEDRICH.

JOTTINGS

By the General Secretary.

HAMILTON FOOD AND SHELTER TO BE OPENED—A NEW JUNIOR SOLDIER'S MANUAL—BAND OF LOVE TO BE STARTED.

"Why, certainly! How could it be otherwise? A thorough Salvationist at home anywhere, and we have found such a warm-hearted lot of comrades too! full of fire and zeal, ready and willing to go anywhere."

The Chief Secretary has recently had an afternoon's half-holiday, not before he needed it. He spent the time as follows: Left the office at 1:30, wheeled out to the Social Farm, went over the place, explained the whole business to the General Secretary, and then, at 8 o'clock, conducted the Farm meeting, which was very enjoyable.

The meeting was high-grade all through; the Chief Secretary was in a happy mood; Mrs. Jacobs gave some sound advice; Mrs. Gaskin testified and sang. Adjutant Hardtke led some red-hot testimonies. Adjutant Byers ran in and testified, and the General Secretary ventured a few remarks. We had a rattling good time. The testimonies of the saved Colonists were most inspiring, especially when Charley danced for us.

Ensign Dodd, speaking of the Officers who assist him on the Farm, says that he wonders how such a Godly, industrious lot of men ever got together in one place. That's a good testimony. Thank God for such men! Say amen!

The Hamilton Food and Shelter Depot is to be opened in the Fall, and we predict that this will be a great blessing to the city. An Officer of experience is being selected to take charge.

The New Junior Soldier Sergeant's Company Manual is now in course of preparation, and I hear that this is to be greatly in advance of the previous ones. More space is to be devoted to each lesson, and it is proposed to have it bound in linen covers.

There will be a continuance of the Notes in the War Cry and Young Soldier weekly, which will further assist the Sergeants in dealing thoroughly with the lesson.

The Band of Love is to be got into line almost immediately. Already a move is being made in this direction in the Toronto Corps. Musical drills, also, are to be started at once.

The Commissioner is very anxious that the Junior work throughout the whole Territory should become a great success, and let me assure you that he will spare no effort in order to make it so.

Every Comrade must take the children's work seriously to heart, and work, and pray, and believe and fight as earnestly to bring the children to God, as is done to lead the older ones to Him.

Push the War Cry and Young Soldier! Hundreds have been saved through reading these papers. Let me say that they are real, live, red-hot and interesting periodicals.

PERSONAL

As I think about you, I know you, as though you were many times, and me year tale of sorrow others have done—how from God and righteousness and rough your feet away; what an ache there is at your heart! and more solemn morn whenever you come to good people, or hear a catch the sound of a tea thousand memories which are so painful to your present experience heart comes high to feel I cannot help but tunity of writing to a medium of the special

You are so U

No one knows about say so, you always try, and perhaps few would that makes it none the You are unhappy all spite of the smile you and the worldly amuse sought, your mind tr happy days you used joys of rich and fasti to know when a follow an upholder of His do and it cannot be oth bitter regret be your

There may be time get, but a backslider lone; anyway, not a nationalist. At almost rough journey there out of the past; po is the strains of a pr following you through your way home; you come across of an a seldom opened euph ing of a little carter aside with some id meeting an old com to the people whom all awake the tender str up some of the desires of which you none, the Jersey, a velope, and the old back to what you use were found in the ridd credit to God's av blessing to those ar in the Kingdom th share in the brunt you could always be air stand, and your in the singing, when fervent, and your when your children sinners were warne there not some to praises of God who the Kingdom throug ally, while you you of becoming a eust you see them, and you you," as you pass can never forget th hear that night you how they thanked you worthy to be a what memories I th gotten, they are of the pertain to the thin will live on and w will condemn you Angels will surely recorded, telling no declaring what you

SALVATION IN QUEBEC

WHAT THE ARMY DOES FOR THE POOR PEOPLE—THE FOOD AND SHELTER DEPOT DEFINING MANY.

You asked, "What is the Salvation Army doing in Quebec?" First, we fearlessly, definitely, and desperately following Jesus through evil powers as good, striving to live a life praise to God continually. Second, we are doing our level best to faithfully represent our world-renowned Army, grand old General, and our fiery C

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PERSONAL.

To the Prodigal

A Letter from the Field Commissioner.

As I think about you, I feel as though I knew you, as though I had spoken to you many times, and you had told me your tale of sorrow, as so many others have done—how you wandered from God and righteousness, how hard and rough your feet have found the way; what an ache and emptiness there is at your heart in all your better moments; how, and more solemn moments; how, whenever you come in contact with good people, or hear a holy prayer, or catch the sound of a Heavenly song, those thousand memories are awakened, which are so painful in their contrast to your present experience that your heart comes nigh to breaking, and I feel I cannot help but take the opportunity of writing to you through the medium of the special Boom Cry.

You are so Unhappy.

No one knows about it, you never say so, you always try to show it, and perhaps few would think it; but that makes it none the easier to bear. You are unhappy all the same, for, in spite of the smile you endeavor to keep, the influence of your godless associates, the company of the alien you visit, and the worldly amusements you have sought, your mind travels back to the happy days you used to spend, and the joys of rich and lasting work you used to know when a follower of Christ and an upholder of His down-trodden cause, and it cannot be otherwise than that bitter regret be yours.

There may be times when you forget, but a backslider never forgets for long; any way, as a backslider I sympathize. At almost every step in life's rough journey there are voices calling out of the past; perhaps to-night it is the strains of a prayer-meeting song following you through the darkness on your way home; yesterday was the coming across of an old red jersey in a seldom opened cupboard, or the finding of a little card-lego envelope cast aside with some old papers, or possibly meeting an old comrade who belongs to the people whom once you loved; all awake the tenderest feelings and stir up some of the strongest and best desires of which you are capable; the song, the jersey, the little card-lego envelope, and the old comrade point you back to what you used to be. Once you were found in the ranks of the holy, a credit to God's saving grace, and a blessing to those around you, when it was your glory to be in the battle and share in the brunt of the fight, when you could always be found at the open-air stand, and your voice always heard in the singing, when your prayers were fervent, and your faith was strong, when your children blessed you, and sinners were warned by you, for there were not some to-day sinning the praises of God who were brought into the Kingdom through your instrumentality, while you yourself are in danger of becoming a castaway? Sometimes you see them, and they say "God bless you," as you pass in the street. You can never forget them, or the joy of heart that night you led them to Jesus, how they thanked Him for counting you worthy to be a father of men! Oh, what memories! They can never be forgotten, they are of everlasting life, they pertain to the things of eternity, they will live on and on for ever, and they will condemn you at the bar of God. Angels will surely weep as they are recorded, telling how you started, and declaring what you might have been.

I fear they will make hell more bitter than tongue can express. No, you are not happy—you never can be until you have returned to the Father.

You Have Gone Back.

You have turned aside from a true, right and holy course of conduct, both towards God and towards man. You have turned your back upon your Master who blessed and saved and lifted you up into a condition of purity, peace and happiness, and you have gone back to unbelief, sin and misery. You are living in rebellion against Him, He who loved you and sought you, who shed His blood to redeem you. You refuse to walk in the light which never failed to shine upon your path while you walked in harmony with His teaching. You transgress against His laws, which were made for our profit and everlasting good. You daily act contrary to the dictates of your conscience, that God-given beacon light which would yet lead you home to peace and to Heaven if you would but follow it.

Whatever your feelings may be regarding your backslidings, whether

first love and that burning passion which made you so precious to God and the Angels, and went from hot to cool, and from cool to cold; or possibly you were falsely accused, or spoken evil of, and Hell seized the chance to persuade you that you had sufficient reason for sending in your commission or asking for your name to be taken from the roll. Thus you left your Master, who for your sake was numbered with the transgressors. I cannot say what has been the cause of your wandering, but I do know that you have fallen—fallen some of you from such heights of joy, peace and blessing, to such terrible depths of sin, shame and despair, and you are hastening on to stand with the multitudes which no man can number, of all nations, all kindreds, all people, all tongues, before the Throne and the Lamb.

Remember Eternity.

You will see the redeemed there, the lovers of God, the followers of Christ, the bearers of the Cross, the sufferers for Jesus, they who held on in the fire and were faithful unto death. They will wear white robes, they will wave the victors' palms, they will sing the song of triumph, they will clap their hands for joy. Fathers will meet sons, mothers kiss daughters, the weary find rest and the toilers will be crowned; for all will have come out of great tribulation and made their robes white in the Blood of the Lamb, and with one voice the ransomed throng will shout, "Blessing and glory, and wisdom and thanksgiving, and honor and power and might be unto our God for ever." But on the left there will be the drunkards, blasphemers, wife-beaters, gamblers, harlots, thieves, worldlings and BACKSLIDERS—one huge multitude of lost souls. They would not stop, they NEGLECTED to think, they REFUSED to pray.

Will you be found in the long, dark procession of those, the most sorrowful of all classes, whose weeping will be the bitterest, whose regret will be the keenest, whose burden will be the heaviest, who through the countless ages of eternity will have to remember what once they were, and to think of what they might have been. No, you will not; you cannot; you must come home: Jesus is calling you; bring Him your burden, tell Him your sorrow and confess all your sins. While the Blood is flowing near you, while mercy is spared you, and while Angels are around you, make your way back to Calvary's stream.

This week there are thousands praying for you. Go to the special meeting being held for backsliders at your Corps and give your heart to God. Don't argue that it is too late and say, while your heart breaks, that you have gone too far! Remember that the uttermost Salvation of God, while you are outside the gates of hell, is reach and redeem you. Don't think that the past can never be forgiven! It will be both forgiven and forgotten on earth and in Heaven, and with your old comrades you can take your old place, pardoned by Jesus and cleansed by His Blood, and to live shall be victory, and to die eternal gain.

I am thinking of you; I am believing for you; I yearn over you; I want you for the Kingdom and for the light. Come home, and come now.

EVANGELINE BOOTH.



"I Will Arise and Go to My Father."

they have caused you bitter remorse or not, here is the great fact staring you in the face, that you have gone back from God and goodness, your feet are running the ways of sin, your heart is full of guilt, your life is an empty failure, your influence on others is for bad, you have betrayed your Lord, disgraced His cause, and broken your most sacred pledges. Oh, backslider, stay and think! These wrongs against your God, yourself and your neighbor must be amended—these sins must be pardoned.

I do not know what was the cause of your turning aside; I cannot possibly say. Perhaps it was the power of some sudden temptation, perhaps for the want of trusting, when happy feelings left you and trial came, the meaning of which you could not understand; you feared to follow on in the dark. Perhaps it was because you could not suffer for Jesus, the devil whispered, "The cross is greater than you can bear," and you forgot the grace the martyrs proved, and, may be, some of your loved ones gone before. Perhaps it was that you yearned in well-doing, when you forsook your



SALVATION IN QUEBEC.

WHAT THE ARMY DOES FOR THE
POOR PEOPLE—THE FOOD AND
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MANY.

You asked, "What is the Salvation Army doing in Quebec?" First, we are fearlessly, definitely, and desperately following Jesus through evil reports as well as good, striving to live a life of praise to God continually. Secondly, we are doing our level best to faithfully represent our world-wide Army, our grand old General, and our fiery Com-

missioner in going straight for the souls of the lowest and the lost.

As an evidence of the success and solidity of the work, we might mention that already ten persons at least have gone from Quebec to push the War in other places. Among the number are, Ensign McEwen, of Cobourg District; Captain Elliott, of the West; Sergeant-Major Colley, the Colley girls, the Clark girls, Mrs. Baird, Edward Douglas, all of Quebec Corps, now active workers in Montreal. Four others are preparing for the work.

Then, again, we have

Our Food and Shelter Depot

Hundreds have already shared in the

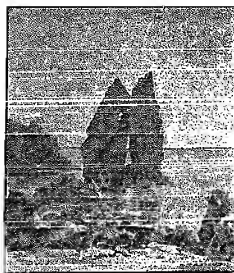
benefits of this Institution. The poor men out of work, far from home and friends, find it pleasant to have good, hearty meals and a friendly word spoken to them. The man getting odd jobs, here and there, finds it comfortable to have a place to sit and a warm blanket, getting four dollars per week, and cannot afford expensive living, is glad to find himself surrounded by good influences calculated to inspire within him a spirit of manliness and self-support.

Again, we visit from door to door amongst all classes, spreading joy and gladness, sunshine and good-will everywhere, distributing the War Cry, All The World, and other interesting but

pure literature. Yes, the Salvation Army is a blessing to Quebec. The time is coming very soon when hundreds of all classes will worship at the feet of a loving Christ. We need more Officers and Soldiers who are willing to suffer, and, if necessary, die for Jesus' sake.—F. A. Magee, Adjutant.

WANTED AT ONCE.

GOOD COOK wanted at once for the Salvation Light-house, "Joe Beebe," Montreal. Small wages; good opportunity for Salvationist to work for God and souls. Apply to Ensign Ross.



Newfoundland Society.

St. John, N.B., District.

ADJUTANT MCGILLIVRAY FAREWELLS—THE NEW "KING'S OWN" BAND—EXCURSION TO BEULAH CAMP GROUNDS—AN EX-COMMODORE IN A FLIGHT.

We have bidden farewell to St. John Corps and the District, after spending nine months there. God has blessed us and we have seen some souls won for the Kingdom. Adjutant Alkenhead, Lieutenant Pittman and Cadet Burrows have been warmly welcomed to St. John I. The "King's Own" Band, recently organized, has paid a visit to all the City Corps. The Band is made up as follows: Captain J. Miller (in charge), Captain F. Knight, (Bandmaster), Captains Carter and Wright, Lieutenant Fleming, Cadet Green from Ontario, and Sergeant-Major Logan Smith, of Windsor, N. S. Their uniform is white, with red trimmings. Ensign Frazier has been holding on bravely at Fredericton while poorly in body, but his assistant, Lieutenant McIntyre, is a strong man. I always enjoy myself at the Capital. God bless the Fredericton braves.

We had a grand "Field Day" at

Beulah Camp Grounds,

on July 1st. A twenty-mile sail up the St. John River proved a good success, and was the largest excursion that we ever ran from the City. Brigadier Scott and all the Provincial Staff were present. The Brigadier led a grand overflow meeting, and all seemed to enjoy the day immensely. I understand the boat was overcrowded in the morning, and the ex-Commodore and Brass Band got left behind, but they got there for the closing scenes.

Now, leaving those things which are behind, I press forward to New Glasgow, and mean to do my best for God and souls. Mrs. McGillivray stands nobly by my side, and we are in to win Allen, St. John District. Comrades! Hall, New Glasgow—Adjutant McGillivray, D. O.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker and the Christian Endeavorers.

A WASHINGTON, D. C., despatch to a Toronto daily paper, in reference to the Christian Endeavor Convention, recently held in that city, says:

The meeting in Tent Washington was one of the most successful of the whole convention, and the Salvationists and the fine male chorus aroused the vast assembly to a marvellous height of enthusiasm. Commander Booth-Tucker made a strong impression, and in his peculiar style succeeded in addressing himself to each and every one of his auditors.

AN OLD F. O.'s SAYINGS.

WHEN I cannot get the General to visit my corps, I read something from him out of the War Cry, and it makes a very good substitute for his presence.

I find it useful to get a number of Soldiers to read a paragraph out of the War Cry. It makes an agreeable and useful change.

A NEWSPAPER reporter, who had reported the General and other leading Salvation Army officials in Canada, told Captain Collier that he had never seen a Salvationist in uniform do a disreputable act, although he watched them carefully.

ST. JOHN II.—The War is progressing in this part of the vineyard. The Lord is blessing us in the open-air work and some are coming to the Fountain. Our debt is cleared off.—Jennie Andrews.

THE COMMISSIONER OUT WEST.

Great Reception and Meetings in North Dakota—Grand Forks and Fargo Visited—Crowded Halls Despite the Hot Weather and a Circus—Sinners Saved—Saints Blessed—Many Manifestations of Love and Appreciation for Our New Leader.

REPORTED BY MAJOR BENNETT, OF WINNIPEG.

THERE was a great deal of excitement at Grand Forks on July 10th; doggers had been flying around for some time; large painted announcements were to be seen both outside and inside the hall. Early in the morning crowds of Salvationists could be seen rushing through the streets to the hall, where they were to meet and march to the Northern Pacific Railway Station to give our beloved Commissioner and her by a right loyal American reception. A good crowd looked on at the Army's early march, with colors flying, drums beating, cornets playing, nearly all the soldiers in full war paint wearing welcome sashes, and many wearing welcome announcements, etc. No wonder there was a crush of people at the depot. The news was received from the station agent that the train was one hour and forty minutes late, and after waiting some time we were again informed that the train was two hours late; but nothing daunted, all officers, Soldiers and Juniors made up their minds to wait until the train did appear.

As the iron horse pulled across the Red River bridge, the anxious Soldiers and people strained their eyes to catch a

First Glimpse of the Commissioner,

and soon she was received, with great beating of drums and firing of volleys, to which she responded with a "God bless you, Soldiers and Officers!" Dr. Church, the substantial Treasurer of the Grand Forks Corps, was to be seen ready with a rig to drive the Commissioner to his residence, where they were soon received by his kind-hearted wife. After a little refreshment, the Commissioner rushed into her business, plenty of which was awaiting her. In the shape of letters, telegrams, etc.

During the day was to be seen a rig with a large announcement, and inside several Salvationists played various instruments. This went all round and all through the City, carrying the news that the Commissioner was to conduct an immense meeting in the Salvation Army Hall that night. There was a large circus to town, which made a great display, but we succeeded in getting the hall well-filled. The Soldiers were all on fire, and everybody felt right at home. The Major saved out the first song, and several prayed, after which Staff-Captain Minnie sang a solo and told of God's mighty power to save.

The Commissioner rose to her feet amid great enthusiasm, and although she was very much exhausted by the long travelling—having been on the train about fifty-one hours before she landed in our midst—the hot weather and a crowded hall, she took right hold of her subject and handled it in a very masterly manner. The people were

Completely Spell-Bound.

as could well be seen, as the Spirit took hold of the congregation as the Commissioner dealt out the truth full of the Holy Ghost and fire. Several were seen to weep. After talking for just over an hour, the Staff-Captain took hold of the prayer-meeting. The Commissioner was very much overcome, as the heat was very oppressive. At the close, many pressed through the crowd to shake hands with our warrior Leader.

The following Officers were present at the Grand Forks meeting: Adjutants Goodwin, McNamara, and Dale; Ensign Walton, Captains Iredale, Stokes, Wilkins, Captain and Mrs. Westcott, Johnson; Lieutenants Cook, Livingston and others.

Tuesday morning we were to leave by the G. N. R. for Fargo at 9:10, but on making enquiries we found that this train was also nearly two hours late. When it did arrive, the Commissioner and party were brought to the depot by the Salvation Doctor, who, amongst the rest of us, was delighted with the visit of our Leader. The two hours that the train was spent by the Commissioner interviewing several Staff Officers, some of whom, for the first time in their lives, were privileged to have a personal talk with

Such a Salvation Heroine.

As the train drew into Fargo, the big brass drum was to be heard sounding forth a hearty reception, accompanied by several other signs of welcome. About thirty Officers and a number of Soldiers were present. Brother Bentley, the Sergeant-Major of the Fargo Corps, was on hand with a rig, and the party was soon driven to the residence of Adjutant McNamara, who was more than rejoicing at having such a warrior of the Cross in her quarters for a few hours, for the Commissioner had to leave again for the West at 10:55 p.m., but before proceeding on her journey, she plunged into a lot of work. Her Secretary, Ensign Berry, was kept so busy that she could not get to the Officers' meeting, which was held in a church loaned to us for the occasion.

An Officers' Council.

The Council commenced at 3 p.m., and was attended by thirty-two Officers. The Commissioner was in good form and did well, and carried each Officer with her while she talked at some length. Her exhortation was intensely practical, and she was made a great blessing to the Officers. The meeting closed with a fresh consecration to the War.

At night, the Moorehead Officers and Soldiers came to our help, and the united Corps and Officers held a large open-air meeting, where they did some hard hitting, taking up a good collection, and making a great announcement of the Commissioner's visit. The march arrived early at the A. O. U. W. Hall, and brought a large crowd with it, so that when the Commissioner, Staff-Captain Minnie and party arrived, the hall was filling up well. As the Commissioner marched through the hall and on to the platform she was given a grand reception in the shape of volleys, etc. After the first song was sung, the Commissioner started a beautiful song, which every saved person sang on their knees, and after several had prayed, Staff-Captain Minnie sang a solo, our leader accompanying him on the concertina. A few faithful words were spoken by our Staff-Captain, and the collection followed. The Commissioner asked the congregation, in her own peculiar way, to help on the work with cash, and they responded well.

The Commissioner Solos.

The Commissioner, accompanied by Ensign Berry at the piano, sang a solo with great effect, after which she gave a grand and glorious address for considerably over an hour. She held the people with most attention as she told out the truth, backed home by the Spirit of God. There was great conviction, and in the prayer-meeting several came out for deliverance. Many more doubtless would have followed had not the Commissioner left to give her their parting blessing. Just before the train pulled out, the Com-

missioner said a few farewell words much to the joy of all present, and the party left for Butte with the good wishes of all.

NOTES.

Everyone who was at the meetings are most anxious for our beloved Commissioner to again visit Fargo and the Forks at an early date. Some people travelled many miles by train to hear our dear General's daughter. Some

Drove Over Twenty Miles,

and were not disappointed, but went home delighted. Her fame has so gone abroad that whenever the Commissioner comes this way again, the largest hall will not hold the people.

Grand Forks' Hall was well decorated with welcome mottoes, representing all the Corps in the District—Morden, Emerson, Devil's Lake, Minot, Grandin, Ellendale and Grand Forks, over a number, under the charge of Adjutant Gale. The Adjutant ran a Trade which many boys have passed, and the "Bishop" himself, who was in the orders—The A. O. U. W. Hall in Fargo was well filled up, and a great motto was put over the platform that read: "WELCOME TO OUR GENERAL'S DAUGHTER." Everything went off well much to the credit of Adjutant McNamara, the District Officer, and her helpers.

A City Swell's Experience.

THE WAR CRY DID IT.

I met a little Army lass,
She was booming "Cry," I saw,
She really would not let me pass,
But held the "Cry" before.

She thought me very rich, no doubt,
And quite a city swell;
But, oh! beneath my stylish coat
My heart was back as hell.

I murmured some polite excuse,
She heaved a touching sigh;
And once again, by words profuse,
She pressed that Army "Cry."

I bought it, just to rid myself
Of any more delay;
I took it home, and on the shelf
That "Cry" seemed like to stay.

But one wet night I got it out
To pass an idle hour,
I wondered what 'twas all about,
But some convincing power

Just gripped my soul, I read and read
And could not turn away;
What would that Army girl have said!
It made the sinner pray!

And that is why I love the "Cry"
It won me from the wrong;
The lassie's disappointing sigh
Commenced an angel's song.

So boomers, dear, go on, bombard
The most unlikely, too;
Those who to win may prove most
hard.

When won, will stick most true!
—London "Cry."

LATTER-DAY WOES.

A Newfoundland man has got out a new set of woes. His name should have been sent instead of merely his initials.

WOE he unto the man who always keeps his eyes closed when the collection plate is going round.

WOE be unto the woman who says her husband must smoke as a remedy for toothache, (both being sinners).

WOE be unto the man who preaches the pure Gospel and at the end of his sermon tries to put a cloak on it to please his congregation.

WOE be unto the man who is after the mighty dollar and can't stop to pray.

WOE be unto the young woman that carries about twenty dollars of goods on her head, and says she can't afford to buy a War Cry.

WOE be unto the man who kneels under the blankets an says his prayers before he gets out of bed, because it's warm there.

AND WOE be unto me if I don't stop short. I'll be apt to kick up a row with the seasick.

W. T. H. C. C. N. D.

MRS. ROSS, at Smith's Falls, Ont., although too far off to attend the Army, still wears her Army uniform, and ends class in the Methodist church.



His request for a war cry. Typo. American TV mind a thinking themselves as failed. The Bowers is one of the old spots in cosmopolitan New York City. Ever since its formation, it has gone through a rapidity of a prairie fire.

What of its heat, but none of its cold. The Bowers is one of the old spots in cosmopolitan New York City. Ever since its formation, it has gone through a rapidity of a prairie fire.

The Bowers is one of the old spots in cosmopolitan New York City. Ever since its formation, it has gone through a rapidity of a prairie fire.

Leaving the New York world-famed Brooklyn Bowers, I went to the city of the future. We became amazed number of souls were there, and every growth there, with a deadly. These faces were all aglow with the richly-colored winds of the rays of innuendo.

A most heterogeneous crowd of richly-colored winds of the rays of innuendo. A most heterogeneous crowd of richly-colored winds of the rays of innuendo.

HOODE OF UNREPEATED DALENS.

drinking, courtesy jests the charms of sweet in the air by orchestra of competent female inst.

Wherever you see a lion, you find clustered a proportionately large places designated by y balls. What a tale of could unfold. There that awful infection, curse.

Of course the fallen dance. Down the street sweepings of numerous innocence is hailed by fallen angels. A woman spoke of their part in the twilight, in the black and dark night. Only words and frowns

kote—Grand Forks
the Hot Weather
Blessed—Many
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1722.

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for Fargo at 8:10, but
before we found that
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Salvation Doctor, who
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the Leader. The two
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drew into Fargo, the
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abroad that whenever the Commis-
sioner comes this way again, the largest
hall will not hold the people.

Grand Forks' Hall was well decorat-
ed with welcome mottoes, representing
the Corps in the District—Morden,
Emerson, Devil's Lake, Minot, Grafton,
Hillsboro and Grand Forks, seven in
all. The Adjutant has run a Trade
Depot, as well as a Garage, through
which many boys have passed, and
the "Bishop" himself is under farewell
orders.—The A. O. U. W. Hall in Fargo
was well fixed up, and a great note
was put over the platform that read:
across the street, "WELCOME TO OUR
GENERAL'S DAUGHTER."—Everything
went well, much to the credit of Ad-
jutant McNamara, the District Officer,
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But, oh! beneath my stylish coat
My heart was black as hell.

I murmured some polite excuse,
She heaved her touching sigh;
And once again, by words profuse,
She pressed that Army "Cry."

I bought it, just to rid myself
Of any more delay;
I took it home, and on the shelf
That "Cry" seemed like to stay.

But one wet night I got it out
To read an idle hour,
I wondered what "twice all about,"
But some convicting power

Just gripped my soul. I read and read
And could not turn away,
What would that Army girl have said!
It made the blunderer say:

And that is why I love the "Cry,"
It won me from the Commissioner,
That lassie's disappointed sigh
Commenced an angel's song.

So boomers, dear, go on, ho! ho!
The most unlikely, too;
Those who to win may prove most
hard.

When won, will stick most true!
—London "Cry."

LATTER-DAY WOES.

A Newfoundland man has got out
a new set of woes. His name should have
been sent instead of merely his initials.

WOE he unto the man who always
keeps his eyes closed when the collec-
tion plate is going round.

WOE be unto the woman who says
her husband must smoke as a remedy
for toothache, (both being soldiers).

WOE be unto the man who preaches
the pure Gospel and at the end of his
sermon tries to put a dollar on it to
persuade his congregation.

WOE be unto the man who is after
the mighty dollar and can't stop to
pray.

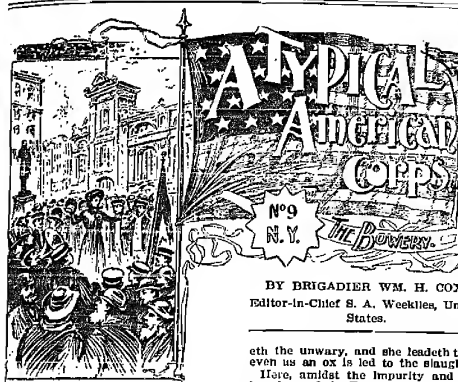
WOE be unto the young woman that
carries about twenty dollars' worth of
goods on her head, and says she can't
afford to buy a War Cry.

WOE be unto the man who kneels
under the blankets an says his prayers
before he gets out of bed, because it's
warm there.

AND WOE be unto me if I don't
stop short 'till he ant to kick up a row
with the soldiers.

W. T. H. H. C. Mfd.

MRS. ROSS, at Smith's Falls, Ont.,
although too far off to attend the
Army, still wears her Army uniform,
and lends oase in the Methodist
church.



BY BRIGADIER W. H. COX.

Editor-in-Chief S. A. Weeklies, United States.

HE request for a write-up of "A
Typical American Corps" set
my mind a-thinking. Which
I did well, much to the credit of Ad-
jutant McNamara, the District Officer,
and her helpers.

Ever since its formation, over three
years ago, it has gone ahead with the
rapidity of a prairie fire, with some-
what of its heat, but none of its smoke.

The Bower is one of the most varied
spots in cosmopolitan New York.
Fairs ago it was known to Peter
Stuyvesant and his Dutch confederates as
"The Bowerie." In point of fact, it
used to be the most aristocratic por-
tion of the city, and even now there
reside directly in the neighborhood a
little circle of the bluest-blooded peo-
ple in New York, those who reckon
themselves several grades higher in
social standing than even the Fifth
Avenue people and the others who go
to make up "the 400," or upper-crust,
of the city. But the Bowerie proper,
in later years, sank woefully in the so-
cial scale, so low, in fact, that it could
not go much farther down—becoming
the haunt of the lowest type of de-
bauchees of both sexes, filled with glid-
ing deadfalls from human parasites.

To-day it is much different, thanks to
the leavening influence of war there,
although even now it is among the
most needy (spiritually) districts in
the city.

Leaving the New York side of the
world-famed Brooklyn Bridge, you find
yourself on Park Place, leading di-
rectly into the Bowery. A steep bridge
to it. We become bewildered at the
enormous number of saloons planted
here, there, and everywhere. Unholy
growths these, with a fratricide bitter
and deadly, rhombic influence, are
all aglow with the glitter and glare
of richly-colored windows, shining
like the rays of innumerable electric
light-bulbs, like a row of like—no
however, to warn travellers of the
presence of the shout or quicksand but
temptingly to invite them on, until
also! they are stranded along the
coast-line of time, and oh! how often,
wrecked in the sea of dissipation.

A most heterogeneous crowd is al-
ways to be seen on the Bowery; day
or night brings little cessation of the
rushing to and fro of the multitude on
their diversified errands. Those who
are high-toned, or, like so many of
earlier counterfoots, would wish people
to think them so, can spend an even-
ing at one of the palatial bar-gardens.
These places are most sumptuously
decorated, and, as a rule, owned by
Youtons. Here you may find the
wealthy merchant and the ex-convict
the young lady whose virtue is akin
to a beautiful flower pure of color but
without scent, alongside of the
debauched and the deadly victim
of the cure.

Of course the fallen woman lies in evi-
dence. Down the Bowery, in spite of the
sweepings of numerous moral waves,
innocence is hailed by numbers of these
"fallen angels." Ages long since Solom-
on spoke of their parading the streets
in the twilight, in the evening, in the
black and dark night, and how their
old words and forward manner entic-

ing the unwary, and she leadeth them
even as an ox is led to the slaughter.

Here, amidst the impurity and de-
bauchery of the Bowery is to be found
a Salvation Army Hall, where the
Word that hilleth and yet maketh
alive is faithfully preached, and a liv-
ing Christ uplifted. As a physician
must needs incise the flesh to bring
away the cancer, so our dear officers
and soldiers, with devoted earnestness,
are to be heard nightly, denouncing
these devious anarcs, showing the peo-
ple that all within them is unwell, per-
haps temporarily lulled to peacefulness
by pleasurable excitement, entreating
them to abandon their wickedness and
accept the salvation held out to them
by their crucified Lord.

The opening of the Bowery Corps
was a wise and important strategic
move. It is a strong corps in every re-
spect, has gone forward with leaps
and bounds, and has supplied us with
some good officers. At present there
are about 100 soldiers.

Among the prominent converts are
Captain Fritz Nies,
AN EX-GERMAN MILITARY OF-
FICER.

now on our staff as editor of the Krieg-
sruft—a wonderful ex- and Brother
Justice, the saved dynamite, who used
to weave the red flag of anarchy. The
type of humanity reached and saved
at this corps may readily be guessed
at, and the particular relation to the
case given below can be duplicated
over and over again. Brother Ludwig,
in homely phraseology, says: "I am so
glad I came in contact with the Salva-
tion Army. I went to one of their
meetings about two years ago for the
first time, not to hear the Word of God,
but to get a good warning up, as I
felt very cold. It was there I brighten-
ed up as I heard that Jesus was mighty
to save. I tried over and over again
to lead a better life, taking pledges,
only to break them again within a few
hours' time, losing one position after
the other—aye, more, my home was
broken up—all on account of my lack
of discipline. I began to realize
there was no hope for me, that I was
doomed to die a drunkard, and I was
wretched. It was that night I found a band
of people (may God bless them!) who
showed me the way to the Saviour,
and what I was looking for.
The once craving desire for drink and
wrecking-doing has been completely
rooted out by the help of God. Talk of
going back into the world—no, never! I
have had enough of it. I know a good
thing when I have it. My only ambi-
tion for the remainder of my days is
to bring other poor sinners like I was
to my Saviour, and be true to God and
the Army."

Another interesting
TROPHY OF THE BOWERY

work is Brother Neuschaffer, with his
wife and ten children, who are all saved,
even to the smallest tot of two
years, who says lapingly that she was
"wrecked in the Army." Another saved
girl is that of the Roberts sisters,
musicians, five in number.

Great care has been shown in the
selection of men and women to officer the
corps.

IT WAS OPENED BY CAPTAIN
YORICK

a bright, smart young officer of Cana-
dian extraction, who, we regret to say,
has since been taken from us by the
hand of death. One of our oldest and
most experienced officers, followed, and
did a noble work, paying an open-
ing debt of \$2,000, raising the
collections from thirty dollars a week
to eighty and one hundred dollars a
week. 500 War Cry, 100 Conquerors and
240 Young Soldiers of each issue, start-
ing a corps library, and winning a
large number of converts to Christ.
Then came Captain Emily March, a
native of Newfoundland, an officer of
the corps, who has well sustained and
added to the work of her predecessor.

A person visiting the metropolis to
"see the elephant"—or, in other words,
"take in the sights,"—would think his
visit incomplete without trotting round
the Bowery, and most certainly an
out-of-town Salvationist would have a
somewhat similar feeling were he to
transact his business and leave town
without visiting the Bowery Corps. As
well might he neglect to explore the
heights and depths, lengths and
breadths of our splendid new Head-
quarters.

VICTORIA, B. C.—Ensign Barr has
paid us another very welcome visit.
The Lantern Service deserves special
mention, and everybody enjoyed it. We
have left our old Barracks, and now
hold our meetings in a hall on the
celebrated "Cumberland Corner." Our
new Captain has arrived from Toronto
to assist Adjutant McDonald. Farewell
orders have come for Lieutenant Har-
rison, who has been made a blessing to
many during his stay in Victoria. An-
other "Field Day" was spent at Oak
Bay on Dominion Day, when Captain
Sheard was with us from Nanaimo.—
Annie Relliv.

MORRISBURG.—Our old friend, the
new Provincial Secretary, Mr. Shaw,
assisted by our new District Officer,
Adjutant Wiseman, paid us a visit on
Sunday last. He was a most profitable
time was spent.—Amy E. Norman, Cap-
tain; Cadet Alguire.

CHESELEY.—Ice-cream social grand
success. Friday, half-night of prayer;
Sunday, good meetings; one soul cap-
tured for Jesus. Hallelujah!—Cadet
Rennie.

A CYCLONE AT PARIS.

A Hallelujah Cyclone swept through
the town of Paris on Wednesday even-
ing. It started above the bridge on
River Street about 8 p. m., and took a
sweep down to the old open-air stand,
where it shook things up wonderfully.
It struck Adjutant Dowell, Charlie and
Hirany Joe so forcibly that it sent
them whirling around the ring. After
about fifteen minutes' kick-up it swept
on to the Salvation Army Barracks,
where the excitement had drawn a
large crowd. There was quite a lot of
damage done to the devil's kingdom. A
number of shingles were weakened, a
host of rafters tottered, and several
sleepers moved from their places. By
this time the wind had twisted to the
north; it began to get colder, so cold
that we had ice-cream in abundance;
it froze in proper style, and went like
hot-cakes on a January day.—Secretary
W. McLauchlin, R. C.

Now Seth Backhouse caught the Crowd With
a Cat and Kittens.

SETH BACKHOUSE, once a drunk-
on, backslidden minister, now a Cap-
tain in England, was once opposed at
an open-air meeting by a rowdy crowd,
particularly a young fellow, who sat
on top of a fence.

"Hi, there, you man on the fence,
unwaver me this! What is it that a
hat has that nothing else has?"
The rowdy was puzzled, and replied:
"Give it up, Governor."

"Why, kitten, you block!" He
caught the crowd and had good atten-
tion, and preached Salvation to his
heart's content.

You will read all about this noted
man in All the World, 10c a copy.

MR. GLEDHILL, Treasurer of
Ipswich Corps, and Police Constable
for the District, once, to disarm sus-
picion, made an arrest in full Salva-
tion Army uniform.

ADJUTANT MANTON told us the
other night in the Jubilee Barracks
that Richmond Street Corps used to
take 1,000 War Cry in the early days,
and sometimes a dollar was paid for a
single Cry.

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THE LIFE-BOAT, TORONTO.

Everyday Inholders—Hungry for Thirty-Six
Hours—What Drink did for one Man's
Name.

OUR experiences are many and varied,
nevertheless the Lifeboat crew are
a jolly crowd, as we endeavor to re-
scue our sinking brothers.

"Don't you know me, Captain?" asked
a tough-looking man at my side as I
stood in the door of the Lifeboat one
day last week. I looked at him, and
a dim recollection of having met him
in different circumstances came to me.
"I know your face, but cannot
place you," I replied. "Don't you re-
member W—?" Then it all came to
me. Several years ago I had visited his
comfortable home where his beautiful
wife and bright baby girl seemed so
happy. "How came you to be in this
condition? Where is your wife? What
are you doing now?" I questioned
in astonishment. It was the old
story of drink, followed by a broken
home.

A QUARREL AND SEPARATION;
husband and wife were parted for over
two years; she, living with friends;
he, wandering about the country like
a chip on the wave. The husband prom-
ised to mend his ways and seek for
steady employment. He also promised
to write to his wife. Although not
saved, he has kept sober since then.

He is only one of the many cases
we meet.

A man asked for a chance to earn
his supper in the wood-yard, but after
a while sat down exhausted. He had
not eaten a bit of food for thirty-six
hours.

"Can you give me a night's lodg-
ing?" asked a large, fat, dudsish-look-
ing man, with an air of independent
indolence. "Yes, if you will agree to
work for it in the morning," I replied.
After trying to make many excuses for
not agreeing to that proposal, he decid-
ed to go elsewhere. Such people are
not worthy of charity.

Captain Fletcher has his hands full
manning the Lifeboat. The wood-yard
furnishes work for many poor men,
but we can do a larger business yet.
We need money, food and clothes, and
above all, orders for wood and coal.—
W. Ritchie, Ensign.

AN S. A. BANKER.

A LATE Salvation Army Soldier of
Paris is a banker in the capital of a
country where "conversions" are for-
bidden by law. But he makes Salva-
tion Army books and papers do his
work—can't prosecute them. He is
now starting a kind of Y. M. C. A.,
which will save souls, but yet be tech-
nically just within the bounds of the
law.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING.

MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN HAR-
GRAVES' mother was the fifth Con-
version missioner (the Army in a nut-shell)
and was converted in the open-air
through hearing one of the young men
testify in the streets.

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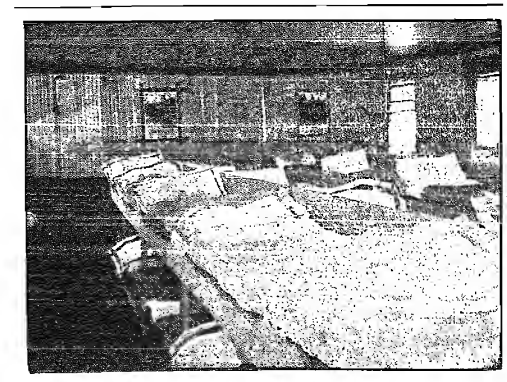
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A Donatory of the "Life Boat," Toronto.

THE PRODIGAL SON

Outline for Special Service for Thursday Evening, July 30th, 1896.

Meeting opens. All sing: "Jesus the Name high over all." See page 2. Two soldiers pray God to bless the service to the salvation of sinners and the restoration of backsliders; or, if preferred, all the soldiers and Christians present could be asked to join audibly in the following form of words: "Most Merciful and Everlasting God, we appeal to Thee tonight on behalf of the backsliders who are present in this meeting. We grieve to know that they have, by their backsliding, wounded Thy Father by heart, and in spite of all Thy love refused to enjoy the wondrous privileges of Thine kingdom. Thou dost confer upon them at their conversion. They have turned their backs on Thee, and in doing so they have also turned their backs on Heaven and on all Thy mercies. We know that, like as a sinner and a lost hearted man, sorrow over a prodigal son, and would fain see him return to the path of honor and usefulness, so Thou dost sorrow over these wandering children, and would fain see them return. Return, return, you backsliding children, and let them see that they love you freely." May they be led to acknowledge their sins in true penitence before Thee, and again to behold in Jesus the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. May they rise up to follow Thee as true and devoted soldiers of the Cross. This we ask in the name of Jesus. Amen.



SPENDING HIS SUBSTANCE IN RIOTOUS LIVING.

Solo. "Oh, turn ye." See page 12.

Bible Reading: Prodigal Son, Luke xv: 11-24. Oh, that I was an in months past! Job xlii: 6. Hebrew vi: 20.

George Edwards Testifies.

AN UP-TO-DATE PRODIGAL, FROM THIS SOCIAL, RAZED, TORONTO.

Testimony. To be read by an Officer or Soldier.

I was born at Barkway, Herts, England, in 1851, and was brought up on a farm. At the age of seventeen I went to London and got employment in a grocery business. I attended Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and got converted and became an earnest member in the Sunday School. After some years I fell and became a backslider, and although I was very unhappy in my soul, sought pleasure in worldly things and still went on in my sin. I would not read the Bible and refused to receive where the Gospel was preached. I was advised to take a voyage, so I came to Canada. In March, 1881, I was wandering about looking for work, and had but few cents in my pocket, when I struck the Social Farm. I was very kindly received and got to work. The influence of the Officers, and their Godly characters made themselves felt, and I began to see what I had lost through my years of wilful neglect. Their lives seemed happy and bright; mine was miserable and blighted.

Miserable and Blighted.

and when, at their bright little meetings, I was pointed to my cross, my heart was completely broken, for I felt that my sins were so great, and my heart so black that it was impossible for me ever to be restored. I sought the Lord; I struggled and cried unto Him, and at last I threw myself down, and left myself in His hands. He heard me. He will; then I felt His peace enter into my soul. Glory! Now I am a happy man. I think my happiness must overflow my heart and show itself in my eyes, as meet of the witness here speak to me about my happy looks. I have received God for my Father, and I have a shining star. Hallelujah—George Edwards.

All sing, "I'm a Prodigal Come Home." Song, Page 12.

Some one reads letter to backsliders from Field Commissioner. (Page 7).

William Douglas's Experience.

A MODERN PRODIGAL.

I thank God for what He has done for me. He brought me from darkness into the Arms and Love of the Salvation Army. For many years I was a sinner, steeped in sin, and I drank and never had a drop of water in my life. I had no pleasure in all my pleasures. I have now, at the present time, the things of the world to the fullest extent of my means, but I find nothing but distress and vexation.

THE WAR CRY.

MISSING

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; befriends or needs, if possible, wronged girls, women or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 15 Albert Street, Toronto, Can., and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. IF POSSIBLE send 50 cents to defray a part of expenses.

175. WRIGHT, JOHN WILLIAM and JEREMIAH. 1747. Quebec some years ago; supposed to have gone to the United States. Miss M. A. Wright, Care M. A. Smith, 15 Jeanan Street, Quebec, will be grateful for information. She has good news for them. United States Cry please copy.

176. BISHOP, SIDNEY. Heard of in Bay County, Michigan, in May, 1891. Age 35 years. Height about five feet four inches. Light complexion, a slight build. Mother in England is very anxious. His cousin, Winwood, 25 St. George Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, enquires. All Cry please copy.

177. CARR, WILLIAM and FAMILY. Lived at No. 9 Powell Street, Birmingham, England, twenty years ago. Brother by trade. Anyone knowing their whereabouts, please write us at once. English Cry please copy.

178. COWAN, ROBERT. Native of County Antrim, Ireland; about five feet seven inches high, dark complexion, light hair, and a mustache. He is over six feet high, very stout, large mole on forehead. Late servant of John Farrant, New York, Ont., enquires. All Cry please copy.

179. TIERNEY, ADJUTANT in Salvation Army. Supposed to be residing in Boston. Please send address to Enquiry Department.

177. HARVEY, ROBERT and ALEXANDER. Young men went to North West from Toronto. Last heard of at Red Deer, Alberta, two years ago. Robert is of dark complexion, Alexander is of light complexion.

178. MEEHAN, WILLIAM. Age 37; height 5 ft. 10 in. Light complexion, dark hair and mustache; grey eyes. Born in England, eleven years ago for America. Sister enquires.

179. GLANVILLE, WILLIAM WARDER. Left Western Australia, 1884; last heard of in Bermuda. He is over six feet high, very stout, large mole on forehead. Late servant of John Farrant, New York, Ont., enquires. All Cry please copy.

180. GOSNEY, GEORGE. Age about 22 years. Height about five feet four inches. Dark hair and complexion, blacksmith by trade. Enquiry, left in 1891. He is now in Newfoundland in 1892. Mother seeks him.

181. DRIVER, ANNIE and FANNIE. About 65 and 63 years of age. Their sister Elizabeth, who was left by them 47 years ago in charge of a Mr. Horner at Kingston, near Liverpool, would be glad to hear of them. They had both come to America. All Cry please copy.

182. CAMPBELL, ANTON J. Age 37; dark complexion, light hair, and a mustache. He is something like me back. He was in Toledo and Oxford, U.S.A. Any news will be thankfully received. His mother enquires.

183. LONEY, GEORGE. Canadian; at one time a temperance lecturer. Address: Ensign A. Loney, 125 Main Street, San Francisco, California.

OFFICERS' PLEASE NOTE: Officers who are written to in reference to enquiries, are requested to reply at once, and to spare no pains to find or trace missing people.

Parents and friends often wait anxiously for news from us, and it is cruel for officers to let weeks go by in cases like this, without answering letters.

LIGHT BRIGADE PROVINCIAL AGENTS

APPOINTMENTS.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

CAPTAIN SIMS—Oshawa, August 1, 2; Niagara, August 3, 4; Deseronto, August 6, 7; Bloomfield, August 12, 13; Port Hope, August 19, 20; Hamilton, August 26, 27; Port Hope, August 31.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

ENSIGN FERRY—Curryville, July 21; Hillsboro, August 1, 2.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

CAPTAIN GEO. MOUNTAIN—Albion, August 1, 2; Port Hope, August 3, 4; Midland, August 6, 7; Cobden, August 12, 13; Port Hope, August 19, 20; Hamilton, August 26, 27; Port Hope, August 31.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

ENSIGN MACKENZIE—Belkirk, August 6, 7; Port Arthur, August 12, 13; Port Arthur, August 19, 20; Port Arthur, August 26, 27; Port Arthur, August 31.

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"War Cry" Roll Call.

BOOMERS WHO WERE PRESENT LAST WEEK.

Where Were You?

Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III. C. weeks)..... 200

Sergt. Major Fennie, Great Falls (4 weeks)..... 151

Lieut. Selig, Chatham, N. B. (2 wks) 170

Capt. Stanbury, Great Falls (3 weeks) 141

Cadet Carter, Deseronto (2 weeks)..... 124

Capt. Jones, St. Catharines..... 127

Mrs. Moore, Victoria (2 weeks)..... 127

Lieut. Richardson, Flathead (2 wks) 127

Lieut. McCann, Hamilton I..... 109

Sergt. M. Thompson, Belleville..... 109

Sergt. Brock, Hamilton, Ontario..... 109

Sergt. Simmonds, Port Hope (2 wks) 83

Cadet Lattimore, Belleville..... 79

War Cry Seret-writer Pease, Temple..... 79

Sergt. Ferguson, Hamilton I..... 79

Sergt. Mackenzie, North Sydney..... 79

Sergt. Woods, Peterboro..... 79

Cadet Brown, Hamilton I..... 79

Cadet Jackson, Selkirk..... 79

Mrs. Billows, Victoria..... 79

Capt. Curry, St. John III. (2 weeks)..... 79

Lieut. Ross, St. John III. (2 weeks)..... 79

Sergt. Nugent, St. John III. (2 weeks)..... 79

Sergt. Hill, Selkirk..... 79

Sergt. Thompson, St. Catharines..... 79

Sergt. Mackenzie, North Sydney..... 79

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